

The IRON TRAIL

By
REX BEACH

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CHARACTERS

Murray O'Neil, the Irish prince, a railroad builder determined to open up rich Alaskan territory. He is a man of magnetic presence and inexhaustible power and resourcefulness. With a faithful pocket crew of engineers and bridge-builders he attacks the new and barren in the unknown country.

Curtis Gordon, an unscrupulous promoter and schemer. He is a man of unusual talents. He is insanely jealous of the woman who is in love with O'Neil.

Eliza V. Appleton, a young newspaper woman and magazine writer. She is sent to Alaska by her editor to expose the men who "are trying to snatch control of an empire."

Natalie Gerard, a young woman who has an unfortunate love affair with O'Neil from which her rescue by him and her death by drowning warm friendship between the Irish prince and the young newspaper woman.

Dan Appleton, Eliza Appleton's brother. He works as an engineer on the railroad and then casts his fortune with the Irish prince. The work of Dan and Eliza helps wonderfully in the tremendous Alaskan undertaking.

There are Tom Slater, Dr. Murray and many others ever ready to lay down their lives for the magnetic, lion-hearted Irish prince.

CHAPTER I

In Which the Tide Takes a Hand.

THE ship stole through the darkness with extreme caution, feeling her way past bay and promontory. Around her was none of that phosphorescent glow which lies above the open ocean, even on the darkest night, for the mountains ran down to the channel on either side, in places they overhung, and where they lay upturned against the dim sky it could be seen that they were maned with heavy timber. All day long the Nebraska had made her way through an endless succession of straits and sounds, now squeezing through an opening so narrow that the somber spruce trees seemed to be within a short step's throw, again plowing across open water where the pulse of the wind could be felt. Out through the openings to seaward stretched the restless ocean, an across uncounted leagues to Saghalien and the rim of Russia's prison yard.

Always near at hand was the deep green of the Canadian forests, denser, darker than a tropic jungle, for this was the land of "plenty waters." The hillsides were carpeted knee deep with moss, wet with saturation. Out of every gulch came a trailing stream whipped to mill white frothy snow by heavy upon the higher levels, while now and then from farther inland peered a glacier, like some dead titan, crushed between the granite peaks. There were rivers, too, and fishing stations, and mines and quarries. These burst suddenly upon the view, then slipped past with dreamlike swiftness. Other ships swung into sight, rushed by and were swallowed up in the labyrinthine maze of straits.

Those passengers of the Nebraska who had never before traversed the "inland passage" were told in the privacy of their staterooms, while those to whom the route was familiar seemed to find an ever fresh fascination in its shifting scenes.

Among the latter was Murray O'Neil. The whole north coast from Flattery to St. Elias was as well mapped in his mind as the face of an old friend, yet he was forever discovering new vistas, surprising panoramas, amazing variations of color and topography. The mysterious rifts and passageways that opened and closed as if to lure the ship astray, the trackless confusion of islets, the alien song of the waterfalls, the silent hills and glaciers and snow-soaked forests—all appeared to him strongly, for he was at heart a dreamer.

Yet he did not forget that scenery such as this, lovely as it is by day, may be dangerous at night, for he knew the weakness of steel hulls. On some sides his experience and business training had made him sternly practical and prosaic. Ships aroused no manner of enthusiasm in him except as means to an end. Railroads had no glamour of romance in his eyes, for having built a number of them, he had outlived all poetic notions regarding the "iron horse," and once the rails were laid he was apt to lose interest in them. Nevertheless he was almost poetic in his own quiet way, interweaving practical thoughts with fanciful visions, and he loved his dreams. He was dreaming now as he leaned upon the bridge rail of the Nebraska peering into the gloom with watchful eyes. From somewhere to port came the occasional commands of the officers on watch, echoed instantly from the tony interior of the wheelhouse. Up outside rose the whisper of rushing waters; from underfoot came the

and that's the way it usually flows. "I can't wait," O'Neil declared. "A week's delay might ruin me. Rather than go on I'd swim ashore myself, without the horse."

Even as Brennan spoke the Nebraska seemed to halt, to jerk backward under her feet. O'Neil, who was standing, flung out an arm to steady himself; the empty ginger ale bottle fell from the sideboard with a thump. Loose articles hanging against the side wall swung to and fro; the heavy draperies over Captain Johnny's bed swayed.

Brennan leaped from his chair; his ruddy face was mortified, his eyes wide and horror-stricken.

"Damnation!" he gasped. The cabin door crashed open ahead of him, and he was on the bridge, with O'Neil at his heels. They saw the first officer clinging limply to the rail; from the pilot house window came an excited burst of Norwegian, then out of the door rushed a quartermaster.

The steady, muffled beating of the machinery ceased, the ship seemed suddenly to lose her life, but it was plain that she was not aground, for she kept moving through the gloom. From down forward came excited voices as the crew poured up out of the forecastle.

Brennan leaped to the telegraph and signaled the engine room. He was calm now, and his voice was sharp and steady.

"Go below, Mr. James, and find the extent of the damage," he directed, and a moment later the hull began to throb once more to the thrust of the propeller. Inside the wheelhouse Swan had recovered from his panic and repeated the master's orders mechanically.

"Tell me where and how I can help," Murray offered. His first thought had been of the possible effect of this catastrophe upon his plans, for time was pressing. As for danger, he had looked upon it so often and in so many guises that it had little power to stir him, but a shipwreck, which would halt his northward rush, was another matter.

Brennan stepped into the chart room, but returned in a moment to say: "There's no place to beach her this side of Hallibut bay."

"How far is that?" "Five or six miles."

"You'll have to beach her?" "I'm afraid so. She feels queer."

Up from the cabin deck came a band of men, passengers to inquire what had happened; behind them a woman began calling shrilly for her husband. "We touched a rock," the skipper explained briefly. "Kindly go below and stop that squeaking. There's no danger."

The captain rang for full speed, and the decks began to strain as the engine increased its labor. "Get your passengers out and stand by the boats," he ordered. "Take it easy and don't alarm the women. Have them dress warmly, and don't allow any crowding by the men. Mr. Tomlinson, you hold the steering gear in check. Take your revolver with you." He turned to his silent friend, in whose presence he seemed to feel a cheering sympathy.

"I know it would come sooner or later, Murray," he said. "But—magnificent! To touch on a clear night with the sea like glass!" He sighed contentedly. "It'll be tough on my machine."

O'Neil laid a hand upon his shoulder. "It wasn't your fault, and there will be room in the last boat for you. Understand?" Brennan hesitated, and the other continued roughly: "No nonsense, now! Don't make a dashed fool of yourself by sticking to the bridge. Promise!"

"I promise."

"Now, what do you want me to do?" "Keep those dear passengers quiet. I'll run for Hallibut bay, where there's a sandy beach. If she won't make it I'll turn her into the rocks. Tell 'em they won't wet a foot if they keep their heads."

"Good! I'll be back to see that you behave yourself!" The speaker laughed lightly and descended to the deck, where he found an impatient panic. Stewards were pounding on stateroom doors, half clad men were rushing forth from windows, and there was the sound of running feet, of slamming doors, of shrill, hysterical voices.

O'Neil saw a waiter thumping hastily upon a door and heard him shout hoarsely: "Everybody out! The ship is sinking!" As he turned away Murray seized him roughly by the arm and, thrusting his face close to the other's, said harshly:

"If you yell again like that I'll toss you overboard."

"God help us, we're going!" O'Neil shook the fellow until his teeth rattled; his own countenance, ordinarily so quiet, was blazing.

"There's no danger. Act like a man and don't start a stampede."

The steward pulled himself together and answered in a calmer tone: "Very well, sir. I'm sorry, sir."

Murray O'Neil is known to most of the passengers, for his name had gone up and down the coast, and there were few places from San Francisco to Nome where his word did not carry weight. As he went among his fellow travelers now, smiling, self-contained, untroubled, his presence had its effect. Women ceased their shrilling, men stopped their senseless questions and listened to his directions with some comprehension. In a short time the passengers were marshaled upon the upper deck where the lifeboats hung between the davits. Each little craft was in charge of its allotted crew, the electric lights continued to burn brightly, and the panic gradually wore itself out. Meanwhile the ship was running a desperate race with the sea, striving with every ounce of steam in her boilers to find a safe berth for her water-laden body before the rush of waters drowned her. That the race was close even the dullest understood, for the Nebraska was settling forward and plowed into the night head down, like a thing maddened with pain. She was becoming unmanageable, too, and O'Neil thought with pity that little iron-headed skipper on the bridge who was fighting her so furiously.

There was little confusion, little talking, upon the upper deck. Only a child whimpered or a woman sobbed hysterically. But down forward among the steerage passengers the case was different. These were mainly Montenegrins, Poles, or Slav bands from the construction camps to the west. They were fighting her so furiously.



O'Neil Shook the Fellow Until His Teeth Rattled.

In these circumstances the wait became almost unbearable. The race seemed hours long, the miles stretched into leagues, and with every moment of suspense the ship sank lower. The end came unexpectedly. There was a sudden startled outcry as the Nebraska struck for a second time that night. She rose slightly, rolled and bumped, and then came to rest.

Captain Brennan shouted from the bridge: "Fill your lifeboats, Mr. James, and lower away carefully."

A cheer rose from the huddled passengers. The boiler room was still dry, it seemed, for the incandescent lights burned without a flicker, even after the grimy oilers and stokers had come pouring up on deck.

CHAPTER II

A Girl Out of the Night.

O'Neil climbed to the bridge. "Is this Hallibut bay?" he asked Captain Johnny.

"It is. But we're piled up on the reef outside. She may hold fast. I hope so, for there's deep water astern, and if she slips off she's gone down."

"I'd like to save my horses," said the younger man earnestly. Through all the strain of the past half hour or more his uppermost thought had been for them. But Brennan had no sympathy for such sentiments.

"Hell's bells!" he exclaimed. "Don't talk of horses while we've got women and children aboard." He hastened away to assist in transferring his passengers.

Instead of following, O'Neil turned and went below. His appearance, the sound of his voice, were the signals for a chorus of eager whistles and a great stamping of hoofs. Heads were thrust toward him from the stalls, alert ears were pricked forward, sniffs muzzled rubbed against him as he calmed their terror. This blind trust made the man's throat tighten aching.

He loved animals as he loved children, and above all he cared for horses.

He cursed aloud and made his way down the sloping deck to the square iron door or port through which he had loaded them. But he found that it was jammed, or held fast by the pressure outside, and after a few moments' work in water above his knees he climbed to the starboard side. Here the entrance was obstructed by a huge pile of baled hay and grain in sacks. It would be no easy task to clear it away, and he fell to work with desperate energy, for the ship was slowly changing her level. He was perspiring furiously; the commotion around him was horrible. Then abruptly the lights went out, leaving him in utter darkness; the last fading yellow gleam was photographed briefly upon his retina.

After scrambling to the cabin deck O'Neil felt for the little bracket lamp on the wall of his stateroom and lit it. He dragged a life preserver from the rack overhead and slipped the tapes about his shoulders, reflecting that Alaskan waters are disagreeably cold. Then he opened his traveling bags and dumped their contents upon the white counterpane of his berth, selecting out of the confusion certain documents and trinkets. The latter he thrust into his pockets as he found them, the former he wrapped in handkerchiefs before stowing them away.

(Continued next week)

Unbusinesslike Transaction. Probably the smallest money order ever seen from Eatonton, Ga., was sent recently. A man walked into the post office asking for a money order for three cents, which he owed to his society, and he said he would have to send a money order, as it didn't take stamps. The money order cost him three cents, and it took a two-cent stamp to send the order.

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Say Zu Zu to the Grocerman and hand him a nickel. He'll come back with the snappiest ginger snaps you ever put in your mouth. Spicy, crisp and always fresh.

ZU-ZU GINGER SNAPS

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Michigan News

The Manistique Handle factory was burned to the ground.

An unidentified foreigner at Flint was killed in the collapse of a trench. His neck was broken.

Fire early in the morning at Grand Rapids, partially destroyed the Grand Rapids Union high school. A building was destroyed in the Farmers' National Bank of Richland, was frightened away and escaped in an auto.

Dr. A. C. Sheldon, 35 years a dentist of Three Rivers, was found dead in bed. Apoplexy is believed the cause.

Herman Smith, aged nineteen, at Grand Rapids, lost his life while trying to rescue Alton Simpson from drowning.

Charles Rexford, aged 78, pioneer of Ypsilanti, is dead. He was senior member of the S. K. Rexford's Sons firm there.

Dora, 6, daughter of Wm. Yax, of Bay City, mistook strychnine tablets for candies, ate some and died an hour later.

Mrs. Wallace Chamberlain, sixteen years old, a Bay City wife, who took poison with suicidal intent, is out of danger.

Wil Higgins, aged 22, living near Sand Lake, was kicked in the back of the head by a horse and his condition is critical.

Mrs. Anna May, residing north of Flint, drank two ounces of poison. She was rushed to a hospital and pumped out and may live.

Kalamazoo opened a public market. Farmers and truck growers have been granted the use of a street where they may sell anything they grow.

The village of Lyons in Ionia county is anxious to get rid of its jail and the clerk has been authorized to advertise for bids. Lyons is dry.

Charles Fosse, aged forty-eight, laborer, East Douglas, Mass., fell on a northbound train and had both legs cut off below the knees, at Monroe.

Friends of Jas. Hazard, Colon, are unable to find any trace of him. Hazard drove his automobile to Vicksburg, that was the last seen of him.

West Branch is to have a Fourth of July celebration, with parade, fireworks, grates pig and everything else that goes to make up a glorious Fourth.

The police of Kalamazoo are receiving complaints from numerous cottage owners at surrounding lakes that their cottages have been broken into recently and much damage done.

A body found off the Atlantic City N. J. coast was identified as Mrs. Gertrude McKay, aged fifty-five, of Detroit. Authorities say the visitor committed suicide on becoming dependent over her inability to get work.

The Reverend Seth Reed, of Flint, the "grand old man of Michigan Methodism," celebrated his ninety-third birthday June 2. A reception for the venerable clergyman took place at his home.

While Chas. Piedmont and family were asleep at their Flint store a dynamite bomb blew out the front of his grocery store, wrecking the interior of the building. The Piedmonts escaped injury.

Mrs. D. S. Fotheringham, of Bay City, the wife of the cashier of the Farmers' State bank, died at Mercy hospital after an operation. Mrs. Fotheringham was born at Stratford, Ont. forty-three years ago.

Joe I. Gidson, located at Marquette secretary of the Western Michigan Development bureau, has been elected secretary and manager of the Upper Peninsula Development bureau at a salary of \$5,000 a year.

Rev. N. L. Otis, preacher of Bloomer township, Montcalm county, is dead, after an active career. He was chaplain of the Eighth Michigan cavalry during the civil war and for many years a justice of the peace.

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